

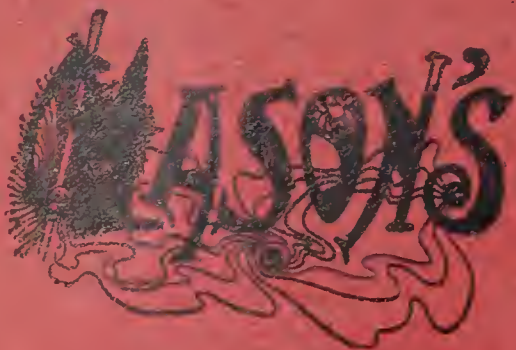
Vol. 9, No. 13

February 26, 1903

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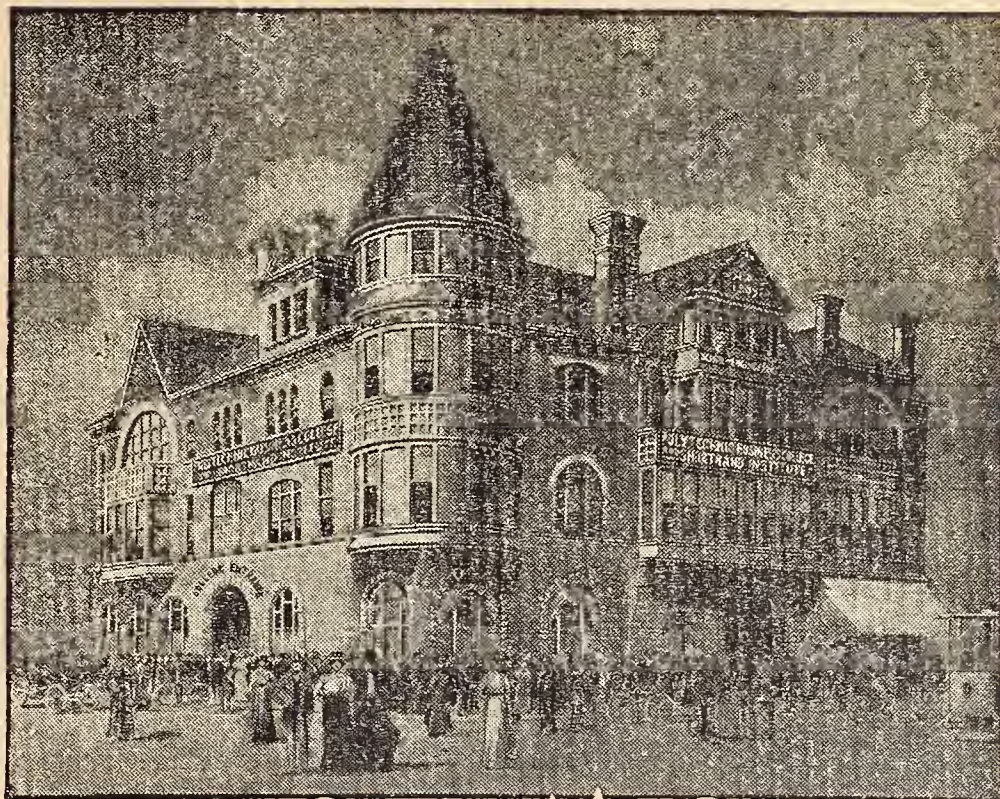
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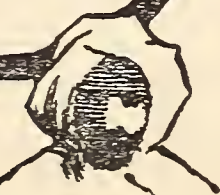
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Washington's Birthday Edition



VOL. 9

BERKELEY, CAL., FEBRUARY 26, 1903

NO. 13

FEBRUARY!

O February, happy is thy state!
Though brief thou art, yet precious in our eyes,
The natal time of heroes that we prize—
The founders of this nation's free estate.
To thee we owe the man that mastered fate—
George Washington, who snapped oppressive ties,
And loosed us from the chains free men despise,
Who 'stablished us one nation, and that, great!
But unto thee we owe another name—
Strong Abra'm Lincoln with a heart so grand,
It took in all the race, both black and white,
And longed to make the lot of each the same.
He struck the bonds of slavery from the land
And kept us still one nation, by Right's might

GRACE PIATT, '03.



A TWO-FOLD RESTORATION.



A tiny girl of about six years of age was making sweeping courtesies before a long mirror at the end of a brilliantly lighted hall. With a flashing background of rows and rows of beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen, the little figure made a very charming picture in the glass. And well she might. Her mother had decked her out in the latest style as a little court lady.

Before the dance had begun she had been handed from one to another as they might have handed a costly curiosity. She had liked that, but now there was a little pucker on her forehead. As she made her bows, she kept saying to herself, "I **can** do it, too—just as well as mamma and the others. **Why** don't she let me dance?"

When she was tired she settled herself in a corner, evidently determined to accept the inevitable for the time. And after the last guest had left they found her there fast asleep.

About a month later the household had been shaken to its center by the enlistment of its head. Washington had called for volunteers and Mr. Blanchard had felt it his duty to respond. The family was plunged in gloom, and little Ruth wondered why she heard no more about balls.

No sooner had they settled down to make the best of their father's absence than another excitement disturbed the dull routine of the quiet days. Mr. Blanchard, whom they had not expected to see for months, suddenly appeared one evening. He was carrying important papers through the enemies line, from Washington to another section of the forces. His native town was considered safe out of the way of the British, so he had been given permission to spend the night at his home.

He had taken off his wrap, a heavy cape, and had gone to the kitchen where they were prepar-

ing something for him to eat. While they were rejoicing in being together again, little Ruth was having some strange adventures, instead of being sound asleep as her mother thought her.

The idea that she wanted to dance had clung to her mind as closely as an abalone to its native rock. Every day she had danced by herself, and wondered why her mother gave no more balls. This night she could not sleep, and as she lay staring into the blackness, her mind suddenly reverted to her one great longing. She wondered if anyone else was so mean and stingy about giving dances, and if anyone else would refuse to let her dance. Then she suddenly determined to find out.

She arose, and, having dressed herself as well as she could, went slowly down the stairs. When she opened the door, she saw that it was raining.

"O dear, I will get all wet," she said. On looking around the hall for some wrap, she spied her father's cape.

"Why, papa forgot his cape when he went away!" she exclaimed. Then after a moment's thought she took it up and put it on. It reached to the floor on her, but it was nice and warm. She knew she ought not to take it, but she quieted her conscience by saying, "I'll only take it for a little while. Papa won't mind my doing that."

But saying that made her think that perhaps if her father knew about her going he would not approve. She hesitated. Would it be right or wrong to go on? This was the first time since she had started that she had looked on her action in that way. She wanted to dance so badly, and she felt positively sure that she would find some place where she could dance. She had never made much trouble for her parents and had, in fact, never been tempted so strongly before. It was the crisis of her small life. That night was not only to decide the trend of her own inner life, but was to determine the fate of her father.

She stood at the door turning the handle back and forth questioningly. Finally, however, moved by her overmastering desire she opened the door and vanished in the darkness.

* * * * *

Suddenly there was a banging on the front door. The family, still talking around the fire, and startled out of their enjoyment, listened with strained attention. But the noise did not cease. At last the mother went to open the door. She was instantly confronted by a British officer aiming a pistol at her.

"Don't scream," he said. "I am not going to hurt you. We heard that some important papers

would be carried here tonight, and we have come to find them. The house is surrounded, so there is no use for anyone trying to escape."

There was nothing to do but to let them search the house, and Mr. Blanchard. They did it thoroughly, but found nothing. One young Britisher suggested that they take Mr. Blanchard into custody as a spy. The leader, however, said that they had discovered nothing that could possibly prove him to be one. As there was nothing to be found, there must have been some mistake about the place; either the papers never had been there, or they had been carried on already.

The British finally left, and the women sank back in chairs tired out with the excitement. They had no time to rest though. As soon as the soldiers were out of hearing, Mr. Blanchard jumped up and exclaimed, "Where is my cape? I must find it. The papers were sewed into the lining! The British didn't get them, but it would be almost as bad to lose them. I am sure I laid it down here when I came in. Where could it possibly have gone? I noticed its disappearance as soon as I entered the hall. But of course I couldn't say anything then."

They hunted the rooms again and again, but no sign of the cape was seen. At last, completely exhausted, they went to bed resolved to rest the remaining short time till morning.

They had not been allowed to go up stairs when the bedrooms were searched, so it was a complete surprise to Mrs. Blanchard when she saw Ruth's empty crib. This was the last straw on the camel's back, and the poor mother was overcome.

Leaving one daughter with her, the rest went out to hunt for Ruth. They had not very far to go, for the cape was so heavy, and the night so wet and dark that she had lost her way in a very short time. She was lying in a little heap on the roadside asleep. She waked only enough to recognize her father and murmur, "I'm sorry, papa."

Her father carried her home in triumph to the anxious mother, and there was great rejoicing. The papers had been found, and Mr. Blanchard's life and honor had been saved by Ruth's naughtiness.

You may be sure no punishment was given their restored darling. She had quite enough, and, moreover, it was a punishment that made a lasting impression on her character. She never forgot the terror or the shame she felt that night before she went to sleep.

K. ELLIOT TROWBRIDGE.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.



It was just at the close of a cold, bleak day in January, 1778. The wind whistled and moaned around the corners of the log huts upon the hill-sides, or, gathering clouds of fine snow, hurled them across the half-naked bodies of the soldiers, huddled about the camp fires or crouched within the tiny overcrowded cabins. Only the fires themselves, burning brightly in the gathering gloom, signified that patriotism was yet alive in the ranks of this ragged continental army on the Schuylkill.

Within the circle of light by one of the fires lay a soldier, emaciated, poorly clad, and evidently in much suffering, without even a blanket to protect him from the drifting snow, and by the same fire a ragged, barefoot boy was poring over the tattered leaves of an old pamphlet, his dark, disheveled hair falling about his forehead.

Suddenly a long suppressed groan escaped the lips of the man and he turned slightly to get a better view of his young companion.

"Dan'l," he said, weakly, "what art reading, boy?"

The boy looked up, showing a pair of fine blue eyes, and a clear, firm set mouth and chin, indicating a firmness and determination, rare in one so young.

"'Tis called *The Crisis*. We had it when we were crossing the Delaware about a year ago, and we used to read it around the camp-fires at night. It was written by a soldier who was with our army in the retreat."

"Then thou wert with them during that campaign? Hast done better than most. Many have not been in our army a year, and many more are going without leave. Burns and Dolton left to-day."

The boy looked up with surprise and consternation in his face.

"Deserted!" he cried, "and they were disloyal?"

"Aye, loyal, lad, but tired and homesick. What are we doing here but suffering from neglect and ingratitude? The general is not to blame; he sympathizes with us and is doing all he can for our relief, but that is little, and, but that I am so sick I can't, the Lord knows, I should be tempted to go too. I hear my baby calling me through all the watches of the night, and my good wife bearing the burdens at home, while I am thrown away on this bleak hillside, nor able to strike one blow for my country. Hast not a home, boy, that thou lovest?"

For a moment the boy's face quivered and then only one realized how young and tender he was, despite his manly air and grave thoughts.

"Once I had," he said, "when mother was living, and then we were very happy. She died when I was eleven years old. Then when the cruel war broke out my father left me with a farmer, Von Grot, and he and my two older brothers enlisted and went to fight for liberty. Von Grot was a plain, steady man, and quite severe with me, but I should not have minded that. I might have been quite happy there, but that my heart was with the soldiers, and without mother there seemed nothing else I cared for. Finally I ran away and traveled many days alone and on foot to the camp where my father had been stationed, only to find him gone. The line in which he served was in another part of the country and I could not follow. Then a kind officer taught me to play the fife and enrolled me as a fifer. It is only during the past year that I have carried a musket."

The man listened to this short narration and then said, "A great spirit thou hast, lad, and thou shamest me for what I have said, nor did I mean it. I am heart and soul with our cause, and if I were well would bear all cheerfully, but I am sick—sick—sick—will this time of suffering never cease?"

Daniel smiled. "I believe it will," he said. "The end of the winter, we know, must come, and so must the war end. A year ago we were hoping for better times soon. When we read this little book we thought the crisis was near, but this winter is more bitter yet. Still, I believe we must win in our struggle, for I think our cause is just."

"Dost believe, boy," asked the dying man, "that justice always wins?"

"Let me tell you," whispered Daniel, drawing nearer, "what I saw the other day. I had gone for an armful of wood to feed our fire and I heard a voice praying, it seemed far in among the trees. I crept in softly, following the sound, until I came upon our General upon his knees. I came quickly away, as softly as I had gone, but somehow ever since that I have felt that we were going to win. I had seen the general on parade with the soldiers with that brave, firm look on his face; I had seen him by the camp-fire; I had seen him with Mrs. Washington walking in the woods; I had seen him on hard marches; I saw

him on that Christmas night, over a year ago, when we crossed to Trenton, and I believed, if a man could lead us to victory, he was the man, but when I saw him on his knees in the snow, with the tears streaming down his face, and his hands uplifted, pleading for our cause, I felt something I had never felt before."

"If," replied the soldier, "the man lives to whom the Almighty will listen, I believe George Washington is that man."

"And now," said the boy, "listen to the words I was reading when you spoke," and beginning in a clear voice, "These are the times that try men's souls," he sat beside the dying soldier far into the night reading those stirring words writ-

ten by Thomas Payne during the winter of '76. Words which had cheered many of their fellows during the long, dark struggle, and which seemed to contain courage and strength for them now.

In the morning the soldier's suffering was over. Only one more martyr to that liberty which Americans today enjoy so thoughtlessly.

But the boy, Daniel—

He lived to see the close of the long struggle, during which he had grown to manhood and for many long years afterward, and his great grandchildren today are proud to tell his little story.

(Daniel Applegate—Great Grandfather).

A. E. A., '03.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



Looking back over the annals of American History the eye is struck with a few names that stand out from the pages on which they are written in unmistakable characters. Among the greatest of these, and one that stands out clear and bold from all the rest, is the name of George Washington.

George Washington was the man who fitted the time. For every great change in the conditions of a large section of our race, for every advance or retrogression in the world's history, for every series of cataclysmic events, there is some man who, by the strength of his own personality, is able to shape the occasion, seize the opportunity and make history. In the history of the world Julius Caesar was probably the greatest of these men. In our own land, Abraham Lincoln is our Mount Everest. But the man who made Abraham Lincoln and his work a possibility is George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces during the Revolution. This was the man for the time.

The characteristics of the man which gave him the first place were those which suited the time. The first was great military sagacity—ability to retreat when retreat was best, to strike when the opportunity arose. The second was great integrity of character, which made him a man to be trusted above others. The third was a certain quiet reserve, reminding those who came in contact with him of the peacefulness of the sea, concealing a vast and unknowable, unmeasurable

force, only waiting for the event to bring it into action, and lastly all these combining into a strong personality, made a character with power, magnetic power, to draw men to him, to make them obey without question.

Given ordinary circumstances in a peaceful land, he would probably have been an alderman; given the Revolutionary period, he was the "Father of his Country."

WASHINGTON! PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

"Washington! President of the United States!" Think what that cry meant to the listening men and women in the year 1789 as it was repeated throughout the Thirteen States. Think what it meant to the old world! Think what it has meant and will mean to future generations! President!—not king—not monarch—not czar. United States!—not United Colonies—not United Provinces. The monarchs of the Old World heard the cry, and they saw in it the birth in a new land of that which again and again they and their fathers had attempted to crush. The people of the Old World heard the cry and they saw in it the birth of that for which they and their fathers through ages past had fought and died. They heard—and a new life opened to them. In the New World the cry was heard. The soldier lay aside his arms. Liberty had been gained. Peace and happiness, long sought for, had come.

So far there was success. The chains tying the Old and the New World were cut. A people had cast themselves on the rushing current. Would it carry them to calm waters, or would they be dashed on the rocks? The ore is dug from the deep in the earth; it is put into the furnace; the pure metal is cast; the figure created by so much labor and toil is before you. Will it stand the test and wear of time? A people two centuries ago struggled, fought, died and produced liberty. Before you stand a nation formed in this truth of liberty. Will it stand the test and wear of time? It will, if we the living of this age, use it as a blessing dearly bought. If we remember it is our privilege to have for ourselves the boon for which countless millions of lives through the whole history of the past have died.

"Liberty! give us liberty," has been the cry of the oppressed. Our fathers cried it; they fought, they died and won. But not for a selfish purpose did they strive. Our fathers fought and strove that their sons and daughters might live in a land of liberty. They fought and strove that **we** might live in a land free from oppression. They gave to us an opportunity which no other age has had. We, through their toil, live in a country whose symbol is liberty. Yet we live in a vast experiment—government by the people—an experiment watched by the Old World. It is an experiment which has been tried—which failed in Greece, in Rome. It is our duty to so live and act that the cry, "Washington! President of the United States," shall always be true that Washington shall never have lived and fought in vain; that the President shall always be the President; that the United States shall always be the United States.

'03.

WASHINGTON—THE SOCIETY MAN.

Even in Revolutionary times "Washington was pre-eminently social," being entertained at some of the great Virginia homes, and entering heartily into any plans for house parties or clubs. During the Revolution he entertained under difficulties. One day he wrote to invite two ladies to dine, but decided to warn them in advance what to expect. "They had had ham, bacon, and beef," he said, "and when the cook desired to cut a figure, two beefsteak pies had made their appearance, one at each end of the table. Lately, he had discovered that apples make pies also, so they must not be surprised if one of each were served instead of both beefsteak."

When Washington became President he be-

came a leader of society. Every Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, he gave a public dinner to as many as his table would hold. It was his custom to allow five minutes for variations in clocks, and then, whether his company was present or not, he promptly sat down to the table. If anyone came in late he would say, "Sir, we are too prompt for you; I have a cook who asks not whether the company has come, but whether the time has come." These dinners were usually solemn, scarcely a word being said during the entire time.

The levees bore an important part in the social life of Washington's administration. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the visitor was conducted to the dining room, where Washington stood, in front of the huge fire-place. The name of the visitor being announced, he acknowledged the gentleman's presence by a dignified bow—he never shook hands—and the newcomer took his place in the circle formed around the room. At a quarter after three the doors were closed, and beginning at the right, the President spoke to each in turn. After he had completed the circuit, he resumed his stand by the chimney-piece, and each visitor approached him in order, bowed and retired. The whole ceremony did not last more than an hour and was stiff and conventional. Washington, himself, hated formality, and yielded to it only from a sense of fitness.

At Mt. Vernon he entertained in a simple but unique way. Madison says "that although in general society he was inclined to be taciturn, yet in company of two or three intimate friends he was talkative, and when excited, he often became eloquent."

The story that he never laughed is not true, for he enjoyed jokes as well as anyone. Nellie Curtis once said, "I have sometimes made him laugh most heartily from sympathy with my joyous and extravagant spirits."

Washington was particularly fond of afternoon tea, and it was served regularly at headquarters during the war, and at Mt. Vernon in summer on the veranda. Dancing was a distinct weakness of his. When President he attended dancing assemblies in New York and Philadelphia, and when at Mt. Vernon he frequently went ten miles to dances. While in winter quarters he subscribed money to get up a series of balls. At one of these he and Mrs. Greene danced for three hours without sitting down. Even at sixty-four years of age he still danced, and it was with great regret that he finally gave it up.

M. PATERSON, '03.

THE OLLA PODRIDA

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EDITORIAL

Anyone in the school who had the misfortune to miss hearing Dr. Charles E. Browne's address upon "Abraham Lincoln, our Martyred President," on February 12, lost something he can never get anywhere else. Not to have heard him is not to know Abraham Lincoln in his true character. He brought out clearly Lincoln's sincerity and entire unselfishness in all matters, his great power of doing things, and his life close to the heart of man and God. Lincoln was one of the people and he knew thoroughly their feelings and their wants. Simple in his tastes, he cared for little save to preserve the union and to make this great country one. As Dr. Brown brought out the full nobility of Lincoln's character, there was no one who did not feel a strong desire to make their life more like his, to be more simple, more sincere, and to think of Lincoln as the truest, the greatest American. We, on behalf of the school, extend our hearty thanks and gratitude to Mr. James for giving us a chance to hear Dr. Brown, the greatest lecturer on the Pacific Coast if not in the Union, on Abraham Lincoln. What makes his address so much more interesting is its sincerity and simpleness.

But when we speak of Abraham Lincoln as the greatest American, we must not forget that George Washington made him—gave him a chance to show his greatness. Had it not been for George Washington, Abraham Lincoln would, in all probability, never have existed. Certainly he would never have become the greatest American had George Washington never lived. Under English rule he would never have been given a chance to save his nation—or, perhaps, Abraham Lincoln with his character, under English tyr-

anny, might have become the "Father of His Country" that Washington became. But certainly it is true that had it not been for Washington's indomitable will, his perseverance in the face of all difficulties and his military genius—the greatest the world has ever seen—America would have been long years under English rule—perhaps yet. Let us never forget George Washington, the "Father of Our Country," and Abraham Lincoln, the "Savior of Our Country."

* * * * *

Don't forget that the Final Edition is coming closer and closer!

Stories, poems and sketches are wanted for this issue! These will be chosen from among the number handed between March 1 and April 1. Get in and write, you writers, a story or a poem or a sketch for the Final. Please label your joshes—intended for the Final, "Final Edition." Remember, March 1 to April 1!

All cartoons or drawings must either be in by April 10 or a description of the design must be furnished us.

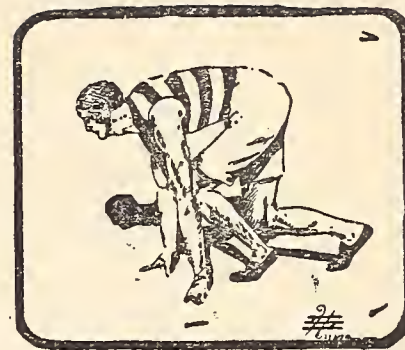
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The issue of April 9 will be turned over to a staff composed entirely of girls—the editorial staff under Miss Grace Piatt and the business staff under Miss Adela Wikoff—and will be known as the "Girl's Edition of the Olla Podrida." The two staffs were chosen by a committee composed of Misses McLean, Curtis, and Carlin, together with Misses Montgomery, Dutton, and Piatt. In our next issue we will speak more in detail regarding this special issue.

* * * * *

What's the matter with our baseball team?

ATHLETICS



A TRIO OF VICTORIES.

During the past two weeks the baseball team has won three successive victories.

The first of these was against Anderson's Academy at Irvington, which was won by a score of 9 to 4. In spite of the rain the whole team played well, especially McCoy, who pitched. Not only did they field well, but they batted well also, Sweesy securing three hits, Monson and Whitam two each. The game showed up a new star—Robinson, who played shortstop.

The second victory was won from the team of the D. D. and P. institution. Most of the new men were given a trial in this game.

Batteries—McKenzie, Farrar and Schaffer, Solinsky and McCarthy. Score, 11 to 8.

The third game was from the Oakland Polytechnic Business College. The Berkeley High boys played almost an errorless game, although the field was miserable. The High School battery was: McCoy and McKenzie and McCarthy, Solinsky and Schaffer. Score, 14 to 1.

During the game one of the Business College supporters howled a remark that he imagined was witty, and tried to rattle the Berkeley pitcher. This aroused the ire of the Berkeley boys, and while the man with the horn was waiting for a car surrounded by his friends, the horn was taken away and by a relay very similar to the one mentioned in the Lady of the Lake, the horn was taken to a hiding place. The captor, Mr. Hanna, proposes to present it to the Museum.

At present the infield—Monson, first base, Whitam second base, Robinson short stop, and Farrar third base, is not to be changed, and is a very strong combination.

McCoy and McKenzie fill the pitcher's box acceptably. Schaffer, Solinsky and McCarthy are still very even in the race for catcher. The infield has not yet been determined, but Sweesy, Dean, F. Monson, Miller, Curran and Steele are likely candidates.

Track.

There is to be an interclass field day one week

from Saturday in which a great deal of interest is taken.

Among the new men who are showing up well are Tarney in the broad jump and high jump, Krews in the mile and Eldridge in the hundred- and fifty yard dashes.

Tennis.

The finals in the Tennis Tournament was fought out between Clinch and Jennings, on the court at the corner of Ellsworth and Durant, Clinch winning after two close and hard-fought sets. Score, 6-3 and 6-4.

A Round Robin tournament is being played, the winner of which will probably be McKay, who will play Jennings for second place.

A singles team composed of Clinch and the winner of the second place tournament with a doubles team, Clinch and McKay, will play at San Rafael on March 14, against Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.

On Saturday February 21, the baseball team, with Claude Beaudine for rooster, went down to Belmont. It was not the regular team, MacKenzie, Whitam, and Robinson being unable to come. This thoroughly disorganized the team, and it was perhaps partly due to this and partly due to the wild throwing of both infield and outfield that Belmont beat our team by score of 18 to 2.

On Monday afternoon, February 23, a game of baseball was played between Berkeley High and Van der Naillen's School of Mechanical Arts. The visiting team won by the score of 7 to 5. In the first part of the game the Berkeley team seemed to have caught cold feet from the yell leader, but after he got woke up about the seventh innings through the aid of Percy Girvin's "hot air," the boys really put in goodicks, especially Robinson, who is a fine little shortstop.

Van der Naillen's team pitched swell ball, but the majority of the team are men, and therefore stronger than our team in a good many ways.

S. HUST.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

THE FARCE COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Senior Class was called by Mr. McKelvey on Thursday, February 12. He appointed a committee to select a farce for Class Day. A like committee has never been used before, and some question arose as to its constitutionality. The committee consisted of Misses Wikoff (chairman), Shoecraft, Montgomery, Zoe Riley, Bessie Patton, Irene Gaines, and Messrs. Perry, Gaines, Sully and Pack.

Miss Grace Piatt was chosen Class Prophet unanimously, and Miss Elliott Trowbridge was elected Class Historian.

The first farce committee met for the first time in Miss Curtis' room on Wednesday, February 7th. The members talked over the different styles. Nothing definite was accomplished.

PERSONAL.

We were very sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. Fiske, '03. Because of it he has been obliged to leave school. He will be missed around the building, especially by the Seniors. He left for his home at Murphy, Monday, February 23, 1903.

SOCIAL NEWS.

On Friday evening, February 13, a dance was given by Miss Grace Monson in Odd Fellows' Hall. About fifty invitations were sent out, the majority of which were accepted, as was evidenced by the size of the crowd. The stage was decorated with green peppers. At the opposite end of the hall a darky dispensed refreshing

drinks to the thirsty dancers. The musicians stopped playing a little after twelve in order that they as well as the Oakland part of the crowd might catch the last car for home.

St. Valentine's day has come and gone. One of the most pleasing features of that day are the parties which take place. Miss Trowbridge's party was of this nature. Valentine games were played, such as hunting for hearts and shooting hearts blindfolded, for which the fortunate ones received prizes. About half past ten the guests were invited to sit down at the table, where they partook of a dainty supper before departing. Red and white hearts were conspicuous through all the rooms.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Bryan Bell '99 has been elected president of the Senior Class in college. This is the most important office within the gift of his class, as it carries with it all the responsibilities of the Class Day Exercises. The retiring president, Miss Annie McCleave '99 was presented with a silver-mounted gavel in token of the appreciation of her services.

Mr. Allen Matthew '97 was substituted on the Carnot Debating team.

Robert Finn '03, was recently engaged to Miss McQuesten.

Robert Monroe '99 and Miss Maud McShane were married recently. They have gone to Seattle where they expect to make their home.

Miss Cora Lasell '99 joined the Delta Delta Delta Sorority a short time ago.

Miss Maggie Thompson left Wednesday for a private school in San Rafael where she will study music.



EXCHANGES.



In looking over our many exchanges it is curious to note the diverse criticism expressed by different exchange editors concerning the same paper. For instance, one Exchange Editor stigmatizes the cover design of a certain paper as "Inartistic and inappropriate. The only saving grace is that the colors are too faded and washed-out looking to bring out the crudity of the design." So much for him. Here is another on the same paper: "The outside of this paper—one of our best exchanges—is neat and attractive, the cover design appropriate, the coloring harmonious." Such instances are very numerous and seem to lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that in at least six or seven cases out of ten the Exchange Editor is **not** infallible. So all you young papers who "run the gauntlet" of exchange criticism do not feel too down hearted, for a severe judgment is only the opinion of one man, who may have been overeating himself on mince pie, and is hence not accountable for his actions.

We have received a cart load of exchanges this month and will only be able to pick out a few for special mention.

We are glad to welcome once more the "Sea Urchin" from Pacific Grove, with its artistic and appropriate cover and its neat size

The "Red and White," Vallejo, has come out with a very original and interesting farce. Good for you, "Red and White."

"The Latin and High School Review," from Cambridge, Mass., has a very attractive cover, and contains many excellent literary articles. We would like to see a few more stories in it. The athletic write-up is worthy of a Sporting Editor.

Both the "Eugene High School News," Oregon, and "The Pruderie," Walla Walla, Washington, are neat little papers. "The Pruderie" shows what a girl's school can get out without any help from the boys, even in "ads."

"The Retina" comes with its usual new cover and excellent literary matter and illustrations.

The class edition of the "High School Bell" is very creditable, especially the prophecy, "Ten Years Hence."

The AEgis" from Beverly, Mass., has no stories. What's the matter?

"The Russ," San Diego, and "The Aurora,"

Los Angeles, are rapidly taking first rank among the exchanges.

The cover idea of "The Oak," Visalia, is very good, if it was only better executed.

Besides those above, we have received: "The Oahuan, Punahou, Hawaii, the "High School Herald," Holyoke, Mass., "The Porcupine," Santa Rosa, Cal., "The Record," Sioux City, "The Cricket," Belmont, Cal., "The Wa-Wa," Port Townsend, Wash., "The College Paper," Stillwater, Okla., "Keene High School Enterprise," Keene, N. H., "The Occident," U. C., Berkeley, Cal., "The AEgis," Oakland, Cal., "The Sheboygan," Sheboygan, Mich.

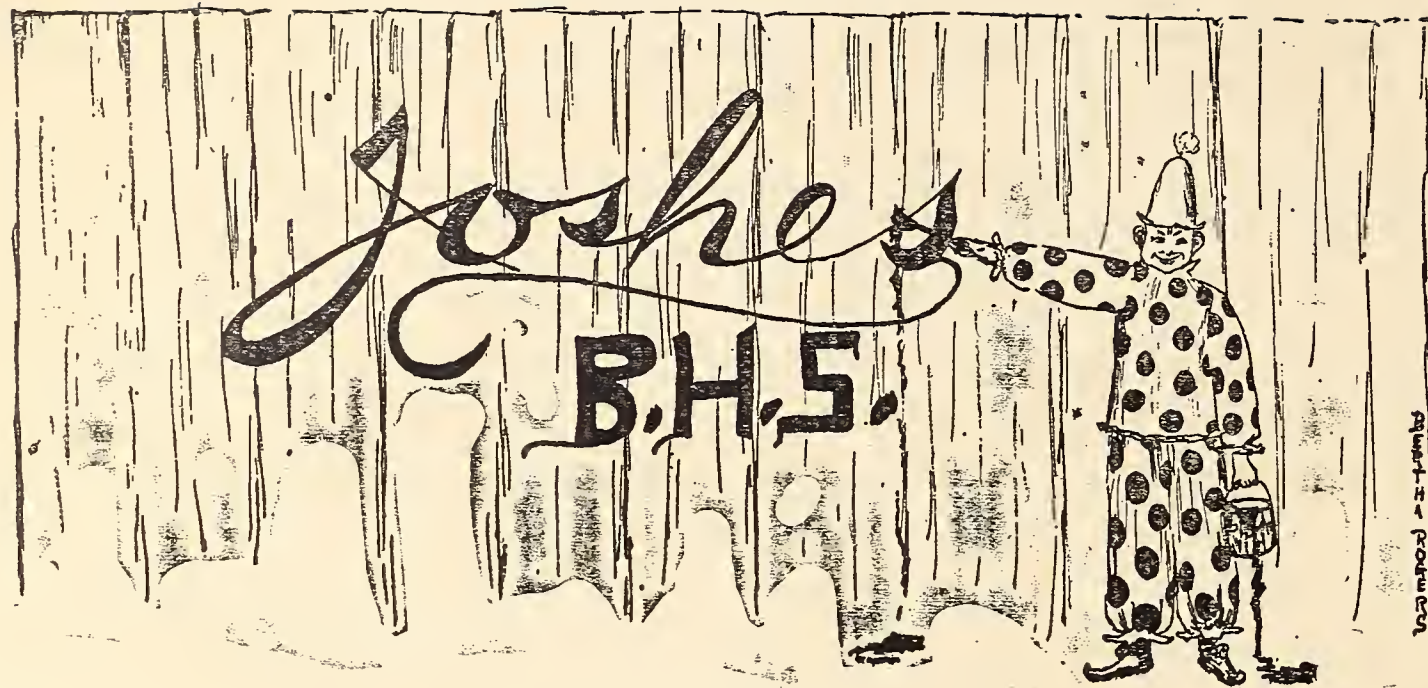
THE FORUM.

On Monday, February 16, a special meeting was called to order by President Newhall to consider the report of the committee which went to Oakland on the 14th, and to discuss the ways and means of the debate. At this meeting it was decided to hold two preliminary tryouts before the Final Tryout on March 20, for the Oakland Debate. The first of these preliminaries will be held on Friday, February 27. The question for the tryouts will be regarding the European intervention in the case of Venezuela. The meeting adjourned.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 18, the regular meeting of the Forum was called to order by President Newhall. After the minutes and roll call, the Forum resolved itself into a senate, which was particularly noticeable for the quantities of "hot air" discharged by Beedle and Sully. The meeting was finally melted and dissolved.

In order to prevent a rush of persons, who have no interest in the Forum itself, from joining the Forum at the last moment before the inter-school debate solely for the purpose of getting tickets to it, the membership of the Forum is limited to forty-five members.

The tryout debates promise to be very interesting from the large number that have signified their intention to try, and it is expected that it will be very hard to pick out the team. Luther Newhall, Harry Sully, Homer Beedle, Batdrof, Arthur Bolton, Holden, Raven, Dudley Whitney, Harry Jenkins, and Howard Gaines will all contest for the coveted team.



THE MIDDLE CLASS ALPHABET.

A is for Alice, Miss Powell we mean,
Of all the Middlers, she reigns the fair queen;
B is for Beedle, of oratorical fame—
His skill in debating has gained him a name;
C is for Carlisle, a political wiz,
Who scared his opponents out of the biz;
D is for Downey so plump and so fair—
If your heart is susceptible, I bid you beware;
Ernst is the boy that takes the girls eye,
This dark-eyed-gallant has caused many a sigh;
F is for Foster, a modest young lad,
A friend to the righteous, a foe to the bad;
G is for Grainger, of tresses so black—
Admirers and lovers she will ne'er lack;
Haskell may well look out for his life,
His weakness for joshing has caused him
some strife;
I am a man in about the same fix—
If they knew who I am they'd assail me with
bricks;
J is for Jenkins, of all the girls a sweet little
beau—
Each heart he breaks, yet as he passes they
bow low;
Kraft is the name of an awful bad man—
At least, he'd like us to think so if we can;
L is for Lamb who has a fondness for Green—
But, alas! poor man, it'll be his undoing, I
ween;
M is for Mary, of course—Mary McClure,
A sweet little maid you'll agree, I'm sure;
N is for Newlan, a tall girl you'll face—
'Tis certain she'll oust Carlisle out of his place;

O is for Olive, little Miss Morrish, we mean—
The fair-faced girl of a quiet and placid mein;
P is for Percy, a fair young coquette,
Whose heart none have captured as yet;
Quit is what I imagine you say—
Oh no, I will finish if it takes me a day;
R is for Raymond, of which there are three,
When they're called on to recite, each says,
"That's not me;"
S is for Shaffer, Richard the Knight,
Who for every fair damsel in distress will
fight;
T is for Tommy, a pet name for Dykes, you see,
Who claims there are plenty of fishes left
in the sea;
U is for Underwood, that strange creature,
Who thinks Latin and Math is given by na-
ture;
V is for Vina—Miss Wiley is her name—
That women can't vote she declares is a
shame;
Witter is a little lad with sweet curls,
Which made an impression among the girls;
Xtreme is the agony we know you must feel,
In reading this confoundedly longwinded
spiel;
Y's for Yoshida, the man from the East,
Whose coming to High School destroyed
Boyd's peace;
Z is the letter at which we must quit—
That'll you ever reach here we think nit.

Miss Muller (as Mr. Humes prepares to leave
the room)—"Please don't talk to Miss Seamen in
the hall. I want her to finish her drawing today."

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JOSHES.

Joe Renas, mistaking the meaning of singe (monkey) said: "Je snis une singe"—(I am a monkey.)

Mr. Lamare (addressing the class)—"Now, if you would only buy a little dictionary, only 25 cents, you—"

Mr. Pitchford hurried—"I lost one once."

Mr. Lamare to Mr. Barnes—"Lock the door."

Mr. Barnes immediately locks the door and then sits down. As he sits down, Mr. Lamare begins and calls the roll.

Mr. Lamare—"Miss Lockett."

Mr. Barnes (understanding him to say "lock it") says: "Yes, sir, I have locked it."

And then Mr. Barnes didn't see the joke.

Mr. Lamare to Mr. Dykes—"Can you not sit still or have you some quicksilver in you?"

TENNYSON'S KATE.

(Applied to Olga G. Pausch.)

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughter, wild and shrill
As laughter of the woodpecker
From the bosom of the hill.
'Tis Olga—she saith what she will,
For Olga hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star,
Olga hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the symitar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
For Olga no common love will feel.
My woman-soldier, gallant Olga,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

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To slam down your books on the desk. It wakes the teacher up.

To stop and look at the Museum as you pass by. Never mind if you block the passage—it's there to look at.

To pick out the best hat in the bunch if your's is gone. The other fellow won't mind.

To talk to Mr. James confidentially regarding

your work each day. He has plenty of time.

To break a door or window before you leave. That's what they're here for.

To walk slowly when the fire gong sounds. It would injure your constitution to walk fast.

To bring a rose for your lady love—this is a school of sentimentality.

To forget your books—the effort is well saved.

To use a pony. Walking is out of fashion.

To study. The office is full of cinch notices.

To josh your friends for the Pod. That's what your here for.

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THE RULING ONES.

Mr. James—
"To throng with stately blooms the breathing
spring
Of Hope and Youth."
Miss Edmunds—
"She loved to see her maids obey."
Miss Muller—
"Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."
Mr. Clark—
"I see his gray eyes twinkle yet."
Miss Curtis—
"Who lent you, now, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale?"
Miss Holling—
"But she—
To her full height her stately stature draws."
Mr. Pierce—
"Dark-browed sophist, come not near."

Miss Roller (in English)—"The chase is up.
What modern expression have we like it?"
McBoyle ('05)—"It's up to you."

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT."

Mr. Hackley sliding down the banister.
Mr. Lassell curling his mustache.
Mary McClure as a six-footer.
Lillian S. as a heavyweight.
Eva Navone acting "kittenish."
Hume standing in with the majority at class
meetings.
Charley M. as a dig.
Else D. as an early arriver.
Grace P. as a mathematician.

Once there was, Ivan the fat,
Who constantly talked through his hat,
For football he tried, and it can't be denied
That no one can play it like that.

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hands of unskilled men, but take them to R. A.
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paired. Work done in a skillful manner and fully
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JOSHES.

If a teacher spies a teacher,
One he knows so well,
If he close her door quite slowly,
Should the pupils tell?

If a young boy 'splaining classics,
Wish to say a "dipper tail,"
Should the teacher and the pupils
Laugh at him till he turns pale?

R. S., '04.

If a body rubber some
A comin' down the hill,
Should the girl he smiled at sweetly
Laugh if he should fall?

W. R., '03.

MIDDLE CLASS MEETING.

On Monday afternoon a Middle Class meeting was held in Mr. Clark's room, Miss Mercier presiding. Nominations were made for the class officers.

On Thursday, the election of the Middle Class officers was held, resulting as follows: President, Burlington Carlisle; Vice-President, Miss Calla Newlan; Secretary, Miss Alice Powell; Treasurer, Harry Jenkins. On account of the good behavior of the class, no sergeant-at-arms was elected.

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Jessie Scudder—"Her cheeks were white and rosy red."

Eva Navone—"Her cheek was pale, her form was spare."

Olga Pausch—"She was of a clear olive complexion, with laughing brown eyes."

Jean Dorsh—"A plump, fair girl of nineteen."

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Senior English,

Little girl,

Sleepy friend;

Sharp pencil,

Quick jab—

One is sad,

One is glad.

(Ask G. P., '03, about it.)

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Boston girl (sarcastically)—“Did he scan your feet?”

If zero is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade.

Rita—“Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?”

Nita—“He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark-room, where he has evidently developed a negative.”

Mrs. De Style—“Do you drive your automobile yourself?”

Mrs. Parvenue—“No, I have a chiffonier.”

Not long ago a teacher asked a boy to give the principal parts of the verb “skate,” and he wrote on the examination paper:

“Skate, slipperi, falli, bumptum.”

The teacher marked his paper: “Fail, failere, flunxi, suspendum.”

Mary had a motor once,

’Twas painted white as snow,

Wherever Mary wanted to

The auto wouldn’t go.

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PLEA FROM THE SUB-SCRUBS.

Oh, lordly Seniors, please have mercy,
Oh, Middlers, be less bold—
Oh, cruel Juniors, please don't rosh us,
And we'll be as good as gold.

We're green, Oh, Seniors, Middlers, Juniors,
Our lot for us seems hard,
But do not hinder, rather help us,
Our progress don't retard.

We know you are our kings, our rulers,
So tell us what to do—
We feel so very out of place here,
We are so fresh and new.

And now please show us to our rooms,
And where we're going to be,
And in return we do submit
This little parody—

Scrubs! Scrubs! Scrubs, we wish our name would
fade.

Scrubs! Scrubs! Scrubs! the Juniors we'd be made.
Scrubs! Scrubs! Scrubs! we know we are but
subs—

We wish we were could be Juniors instead of
Scrubs! Scrubs! Scrubs!

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solicits part of your patronage.

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 science and can give you
 just what you want.

JOSHES.

A Freshman is one who knoweth not, but thinketh that he knoweth.

A Sophomore is one who knoweth not, and knoweth that he knoweth not.

A Junior is one who knoweth, but thinketh that he knoweth not.

A Senior is one who knoweth, and knoweth that he knoweth.

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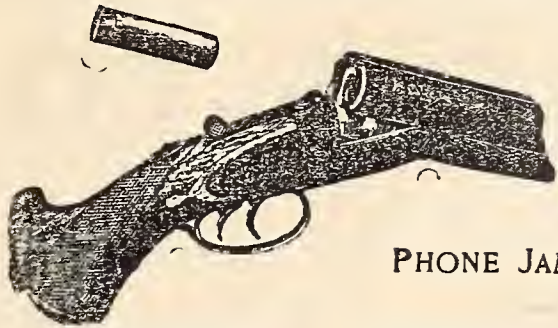
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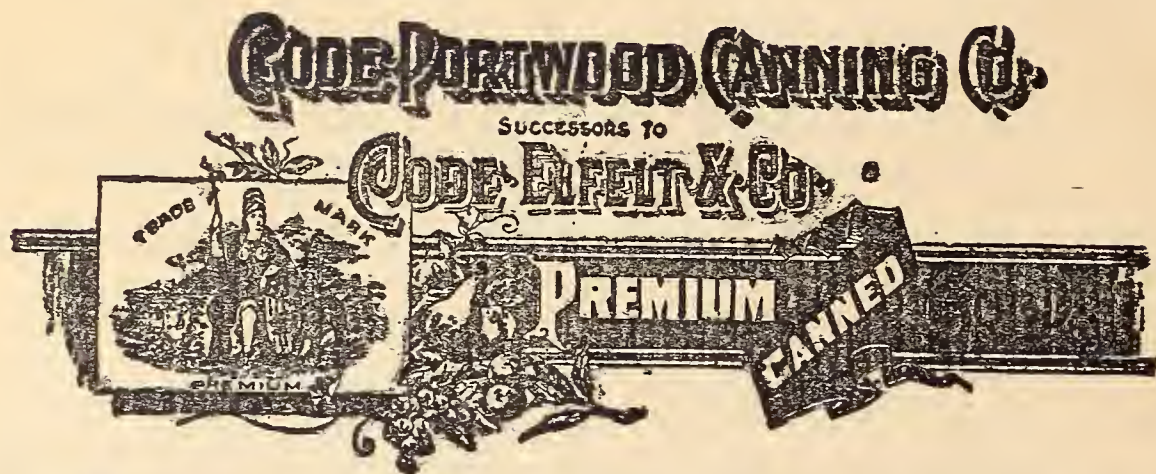
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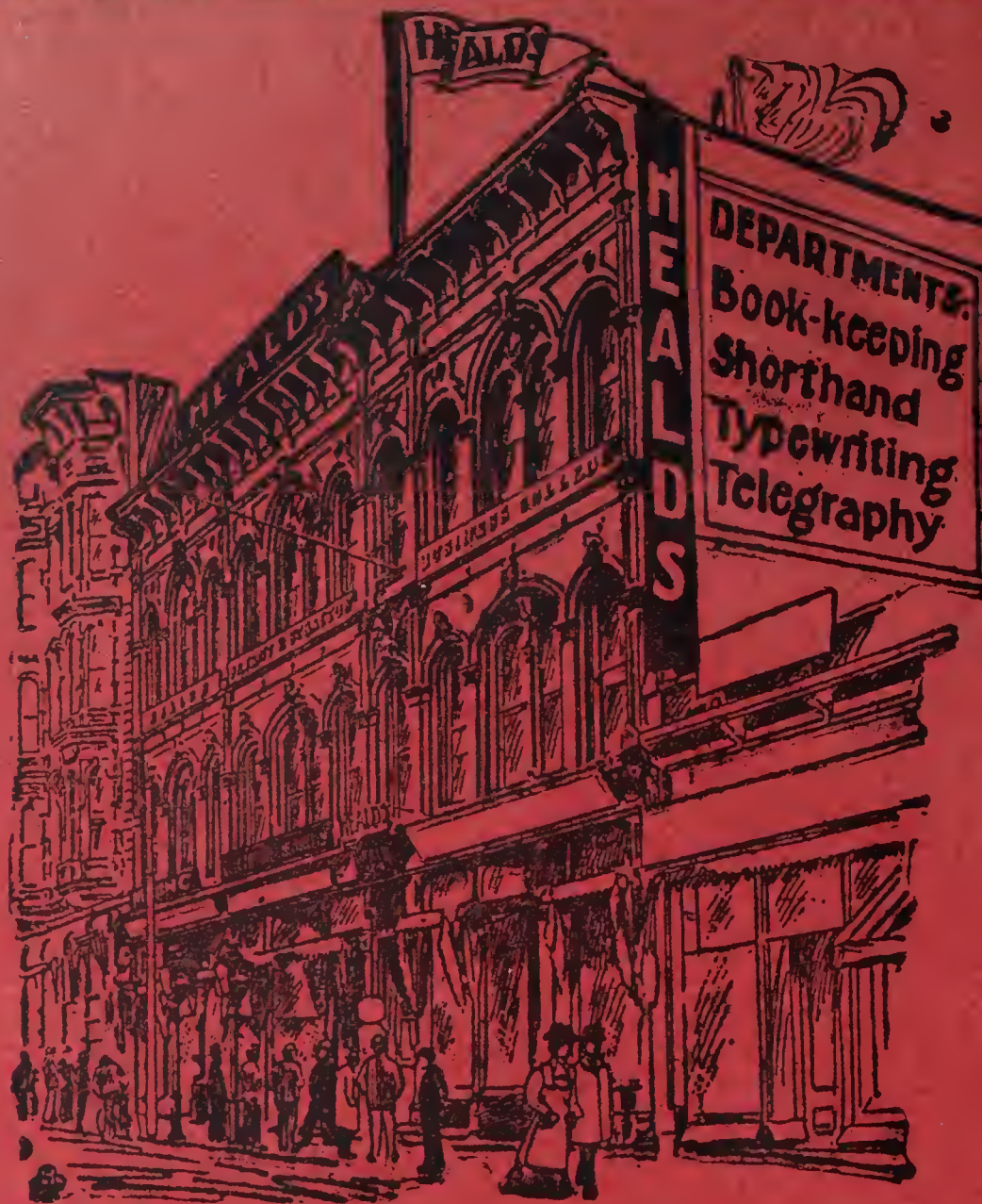
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